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A D D R E S S

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

CONCORD FEMALE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

AT ITS ANNUAL MEETING

25 DEC. 1837.

BY NATHANIEL P. ROGERS.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

THE THIRD ANNUAL REPORT

OF SAID SOCIETY.

CONCORD, N. H.

WILLIAM WHITE, PRINTER.

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ADDRESS.

THIS anniversary of your Association, formed to aid in the overthrow of Slavery, and the disenthralment of your fettered countrymen, seems happily to fall on the birth-day of Him who came "to preach deliverance to the captives—and to set at liberty them that are bruised."

And think it not strange, my respected friends, that with objects and purposes such as engaged the preacher at Nazareth, you should encounter persecution—that the wealth and the standing, the loftiness and the fashion should cast you out of the pale of its regard and acknowledgment; that you should be regarded as vulgar enthusiasts—that the judicious and prudent ones, with whom principle is abstraction—whose path of duty is what they term "expediency"—a reputable thrifty conformity with the world—that these should toss the head and curl the lip of impatient scorn at your low enterprise, and give you place even down among those outcast ones, whose cause you are nobly espousing. Think it scarcely strange that you should be literally mobbed in this day, women as you are, although the Marys and the Marthas, who "left their sphere" to follow the "emissary" at Nazareth, who attended him at the crucifixion, amid scenes that made the *manly* heart of Peter quail in denial of his Lord—who mingled unattended in the throngs of the soldiery, amid the tramping of the horsemen and the terrors of the centurions, to sustain by their affectionate and sympathetic presence, their suffering Saviour—these women were never mobbed or molested, even by those rude and callous-hearted men who could crucify the Son of God. But our age is in advance of theirs. "Public sentiment" now stoops to no distinction of sex—men are not now its exclusive objects—and its movements are not confined to the rough and ruffian classes of community. Women are its legitimate subjects, and gentlemen obey its high impulses. "Gentlemen of standing," and (what is more) of what gives standing—"gentlemen of PROPERTY"—city gentlemen, bred to the lofty refinements of your Pilgrim emporium, and within the humanizing influences of the chief seats of letters and the school of the Prophets—"gentlemen in broad cloth and broad day," can so far stray from *their sphere*, as to fall upon a little band of their defenceless countrywomen, "assembled in an upper room" for prayer, and manfully rout

them from their devotions. Surely the days of chivalry are not clean gone. Think it nothing strange, that "public opinion," braved as it is by rash and misguided fanaticism—in its zeal for Union with the seceding South, should depart from the respect once paid to the gentler sex and extend to you the courtesies of the mob.

It is the doctrine of the pulpit and the press in this day, that the victims of mob violence are its guilty and responsible excusers. That popular violence is to be sure unjustifiable, but that it is unjustifiable also to provoke it, by going too fast and far in advance of popular sentiment, and that along with the mob is to be ranked the rash promulgator of truth, which the community is not yet ready to receive, and they are called from the New-England pulpit and the New-England press, *the* two great enemies of their country. The Lord Jesus Christ himself was mobbed. In the earliest exercise of his divine "agency," when he returned from the temptations to *expediency* in the wilderness, in the power of the Spirit, and came to *lecture* at Nazareth, where he had been brought up, and declared the fulfilment of prophecy in his advent and preaching—his *wise* and *respectable* auditory "rose upon him, filled with wrath—thrust him out of their city—led him to the brow of the hill whereon their city was built, that they might cast him down headlong." What excited this fury? "Harsh language" and an "*unchristian spirit?*" They thought so. Will our authorities say so? Will they charge upon the Son of God the guilt of that excitement? I make no irreverent comparisons or unscriptural illustrations. I am speaking of the doctrine of the day, that those who encounter mob violence, by advancing truths against popular opinion, are guilty of that violence. Was the Lord Jesus Christ, I ask, the guilty instigator of the Nazareth mob, that dragged him from the synagogue, as your former townsman and minister George Storrs was dragged from the pulpit in a neighboring Nazareth? Start not at this bold use of Scripture names.—There is nothing sacred in the names of towns in Holy land. PITTSFIELD—NORTHFIELD are as religious and reverend as Nazareth, and *Boston* or *ALTON*, as Jerusalem. Was that mob at Nazareth got up by the victim of it? Would Reverend Hubbard Winslow dare say so, in Bowdoin street pulpit, in a thanksgiving sermon?—or his Honorable coadjutor, the bloody-minded James T. Austin in Fanueil Hall, in a solemn meeting held in observance of the martyrdom of a minister of Christ and the fall of Liberty! Oh no! God forbid! The wicked people were the authors of that mob. That was a different affair—a long time ago and the preacher was the Messiah, and it was no excuse or palliation that he excited fury by going in advance of the age and braving enlightened public opinion. But this Lovejoy and these George Storrses, who are they, that they should agi-

tate the public, disturb the peace and divide the churches, and then claim the example of the Lord? My friends, what was there in the person of that preacher, his manner or appearance, that should have led them, or would lead those of our time, to confess or receive him, or the truths he preached? He told them only plain truth, and in a plain way. It was abstract truth, and a *good deal* in advance of the times, and who was *he*, that they should receive it of him? Was he the risen and glorified Messiah? Had they been astonished and awe-struck, as we have been, at the record of his miracles—his walking on the sea—silencing its voice of waves—darkening the land at mid-day, and at last rising from the dead and ascending to heaven? No. He was the low-bred, stable-born, coarse-clad, hard-handed carpenter of Nazareth—who had to work for his living—and no doubt, work out by the day. He was of no family. He had no “property”—no “standing,” in the vulgar little village where he had been brought up. They all knew him, and his father before him, and his sisters, were they not all with them?—and who was he, that he should set up to teach! He was not one of the “great, leading and statesman-like minds of the day,”—who, as the Boston press exclaimed, when terrified at the rumor from Alton, “must take up this question and determine whether slavery must longer be tolerated in this country.” I need not declare what would be the reception, or the *fate* of such a messenger as he appeared to be, were he now to revisit the earth, and preach, in *our* synagogues, “deliverance to the captive.” He came, he declared, to “preach deliverance to the captive—to heal the broken-hearted—to proclaim the Gospel to the poor, and to set at liberty them that are bruised.” Now I ask this assembly, who on earth, in the Saviour’s day, or in any other day, were ever in a captivity like that of our American slave? Who were “the poor,” whose poverty was utter destitution, like his? Whose heart was broken, crushed, extinguished rather, like his—and who was ever “bruised,” as our southern slave brother, in soul and spirit, as well as in his lacerated and dishonored body! Who, since man fell and violence began in the earth, was ever led captive, poverty-consumed, heart-scathed and withered, bruised, trampled and ground to powder as he is! No one—no one.

Consider his captivity, if we can apprehend it now, after ages of acquiescence in it, and callousing and stupifying assent to it, and guilty participation in it. It is a captivity from which there is no ransom, no deliverance; and to which there is no period. Its fetters bind down “the spirit of a man,” which would “sustain the infirmity” of other bondage. Its imprisonment is not by walls and bars. Bursting locks and digging down barriers promise no escape. It manacles the spirit and sends out the animal body to wander about like the dog after the heels of his

master, or his master's horse. It is fenced about, not by picketed walls, that possibility might scale—but by a remorseless, merciless *human brotherhood*, that denies him refuge, and forbids him all approach—that flanks him with “cold obstruction” and bars him on every hand with a repulsion as insurmountable as the gulf which *fixed* the rich man from Lazarus. Whose wide native country has for him not a city or a nook of refuge; in whose distant and dubious and despairing flight to unknown Canada, not a freeman is *free along the land of liberty* to give him a cup of cold water, or bid him God speed. Who lays no claim to human sympathy—whom our civilization has taught even the Indian to abhor—for whom, in the heart of man, God seems to have made no provision. He cannot implore his fellow man—he cannot *petition* him. He cannot be allowed petitioners in his forlorn behalf. The ox may low for his fodder, and the famished dog howl at the gate of man—but the American slave may not dare complain or sigh in his bondage. Aye, he may not be *discontent*. Was ever captive like this captive!

Oh yes, there has always been slavery. It existed among the Jews, in the days of the Patriarchs, of the Saviour and of the Apostles, and with the other political institutions of the times, it passed unreprieved and unregarded. This, my friends, I am bold to deny. That there has been captivity and subjugation and bondage, I admit; but never utter slavery till now. Joseph was a bondman. His brethren *sold* him for a servant, and he was bought by a master, in a strange land. But was he doomed to toil on the plantations of the Nile unpaid, and driven by the whip like a beast of burden, and reckoned out from human kind? The circumstances of his captivity resemble more nearly the kidnapping and enslavement of our *ancestral* slaves, than any other in scripture history—but what was his slavery? “He was a prosperous man, and he was in the house of his master the Egyptian, and he served him, and Potiphar made him overseer (not of his slaves, but) of his house, and put into his hand all that he had, and he left all that he had in Joseph's hand, and knew not aught he had, save the bread which he did eat.” And when falsely accused to his proud and warrior lord, and his wrath kindled against him to the utmost fierceness, what was the fate of the presumptuous slave? Was plantation justice administered to him? Was he taken to the wood-pile and his head chopped off—burnt alive—chopped up from foot to head and lectured upon, as the boy of Lilburn Lewis was, whose feet had dared to run away? Was Potiphar's task-master ordered to scourge the life out of him with the slave-whip? No, his master “took him and put him in prison, where the *king's prisoners* were bound, and he was there in the prison. And the keeper of the prison committed to his hand all the prisoners that were in the prison. The keeper of the prison looked not

to any thing that was under his hand," &c. Would Colonel McDuffie, or General Hamilton, or Governor Calhoun, or any of the Potiphars of the South, have so disposed of the house-servant who should thus awaken their vengeance? Would the wretch live an hour? Would he be arrested and imprisoned among the white offenders—among "the king's prisoners?" Not even his high price for the south-western market would save him from the most unceremonious vengeance, and no more inquiry would be made for his blood, than if a dog had been slain. Universal sentiment would sympathize with the chivalrous master, and applaud the honorable deed. Joseph in the service of Potiphar or in the prison was no more like the American slave, than when he stood before Pharaoh interpreting his dreams, or dispensed the corn in the years of famine. And so of all the other bond service the world has ever known. There has been tyranny and oppression and cruelty—but never such a wanton, insulting, mocking, annihilating slavery as ours. There never was **REPUBLICAN** and **CHRISTIAN** *Mastery* before this of ours, and never, *therefore, could have been such slavery*. There never before were "*Liberty and Equality*" slaveholders, and never "*land of Liberty*" slaves. West Indian slavery resembled ours in the color of its original victims, and the want of color in its tyrants, and it stole them from the same Africa with us—but it never could compete with ours in *Republican* and **CHRISTIAN** Horrors. Monarchy and despotism need not, cannot enslave like the **FREE** and **EQUAL** **REPUBLIC**. Republicanism must leave nothing in the slave, to which its broad, boundless doctrines of Liberty might attach. It must reduce him below reach of its "self-evident truths." It must blot out his personality. He must be stripped and shorn and bereaved, till he becomes an exception to *universal* rules, which know *no exceptions*. No mastery before ours ever was obliged to do all this, and never has done it. Russian bondage, Algerine bondage, Turkish bondage, West Indian slavery, fall as far in the rear of ours, as their mastery does in its professions of Liberty and Justice. We are the only people that ever professed or had a chance to be free, and the only people that ever held genuine, unalloyed slaves. An escape from our slavery into the deepest dungeon in Algiers, would amount to deliverance and emancipation. One of Col. McDuffie's chattels, who should have the good fortune to be cast away into Algerine or West Indian servitude, would have to be hand-cuffed, before you could get him back again to the Land of Liberty. The lowest serfs in Russia would hail his arrival among them, with shouts of gratulation. There is no human condition, and never was, because there cannot and never could be, to which our slave would not abscond, with the promptitude of instinct, base spirited and fearful of pain, danger and death as he is. There was always enough of

liberty and humanity in it, to warrant his escape. Whose captivity, then, is like his? I speak of it in its best possible estate, and those who have fairly considered it, will at once assent to what I say.

“To preach the Gospel to the Poor.” Who were those poor—they who had little, or they who had *nothing*, that could have nothing, that were *incapable* of having any thing—who were themselves *had*, owned, possessed and occupied, and “perished in the using.” Who had not themselves—who could not call the weary limbs upon their bodies, or the eyeless soul, that lay smothered in its vassal tenement of clay, their own. Who had no right, title, interest or estate in or to their nominally own souls and bodies. Who were “as poor,” not “as poverty,” but as *Property*. Who could not own the book of the law, or read it, or hear it read—whose amount of mental teaching was how to perform the mindless offices of slavery, and whose bread of life the “oral instruction” of the duty of contentment in a deeper than heathenish spiritual darkness. Had the Saviour to preach to any such *poor* as this!

“To heal the broken-hearted.” The heart that is merely broken, may be healed again. The heart that has been smothered, and crushed to death, who *can* heal it? The “Balm of Gilead” and the “Physician there” yield no medicine to the dead. The slave can hardly be called “the broken-hearted.” He had a heart, but we have extinguished it. His bosom is a church yard, tenanted only by the dead. His spirit lies buried within him. He is its moving sepulchre. You cannot proffer consolation to the slave. Christ himself, it seems to me, would have proffered him nothing, had he found such an anomaly among those he came to save. He would have preached to the oppressor—oh, in what tones! To the slave he would have addressed nothing, except as he addressed Lazarus, to call him from the dead. You cannot preach to the slave. “He that hath *ears* to hear, let *him* hear”—but in slavery there are no ears, to catch the sound of the gospel. They tell of the thousands of professors of religion among the slaves of our South. But it is a mockery. There is no religion in slavery. There can be none. And the best testimony now shows that it is mainly animal excitement, and that they have as little religion as liberty.

“To set at liberty them that are bruised.” We imagine we apprehend something of the character of slavery. We know something of some of its incidents and appendages. We know that its labor is unrequited, and that its stimulus and motive to exertion is the whip. We have heard the dimensions and fashion of that little simple incentive to slave labor, and think we can appreciate its capacities for infliction. Perhaps, as we observe its influence in a dexterous hand, over the restive

horse, we can conceive something of its terrors for the naked human form, in the hand of a veteran and accomplished task-master at the South. But there is a scorpion sting in its lash, when the form of man and of woman are compelled to yield to it; and who can tell the anguish of its scourgings, as they subdue the obstinate human spirit, and reduce man to the docility of the ox. But with all its terrors, the whip is not slavery. Starvation is an item in its incidentals. Slavery knows how to keep the human system at the minimum working point, and on the least possible sustenance, and thus having no regard to the ordinary continuance of human life. It regards human life as Napoleon did,—always to be sacrificed to promote the grand design. A shrewd, calculating owner—especially one from the North, and so recently from there, as to have retained his Puritan thrift—he will work up slave life for you, as the April sun works up the snow-drift. He will work you up—by sheer “kind treatment,” and as little whipping as the good of the slave requires—a hardy constitution in the prime of life, in four years, in the fervent sugar season. This is the natural wear and consumption of the “peculiar institution,” without high pressure or acceleration. And it is highly profitable at that rate of waste. Of course no regard would be paid to the comfort of the slave as to his food. He toils to earn the means of pampering the palate of an indolent, fastidious master; while he is treated as if he had no palate at all. He receives, at the hand of an owner, the feed of a brute. No table is spread for him. The regard paid to the taste, comfort and health of the vilest criminal in our State penitentiary, is unknown to the offending—the deserving slave. His animal cravings are satisfied by an unsatisfying supply, and his humanity insulted and mocked with the foddering of a beast.

Over-working is an item in slavery. How could it be otherwise. He is worked for the *gain* of the master, and the more he works the greater the gain—if he is not over-worked *imprudently*. But the owner is rarely present to see to this. He has an agent, called “OVERSEER”—a sort of sub-tyrant—not having the light inducement of ownership to spare the slave; but interested, on the other hand, to make his full periodical returns of gain or labor. These subalterns are represented as the most heartless and brutal monsters on earth; uniting, in active operation, the extreme characters of master and slave. Why should they be nice about over-working the slave? They have had to pass statutes at the South to restrain the owners themselves from working the slave too many hours. In some States they have restricted him to fourteen or fifteen a day; but they put no restraint on the degree of the overseer’s activity upon the slave. The master cannot regulate this, if he would; and a slaveholder could not be expected to care for

those he is willing to enslave. Multitudes are unavoidably worked to death, and die in their ranks. Slave labor, in itself, is exhausting and destructive to life; while free labor is healthful and friendly to strength and life. It is man's allotted exercise and portion on earth. God commands him to moisten his brow in it, and to eat the bread that he earns with the sweat of his forehead; a poor warrant for slaveholding, which eats without any sweat of its own. Hardy and cheerful old age is the common result of severe free labor, exerted for ourselves and those we love. But slave labor is exhausting, reluctant, forced, whip-extracted, unnatural and fatal. It is wrung out of the sullen and spiritless machinery by the power of the whip, and the machinery will no more move to perform it, without this power, than the wheel without water. Mr. Adams very fitly called the slaves the machinery of the South; and it is their machinery—it is the “*labor-saving* machinery” of the slothful white man. And by what sort of “power” is it driven? Not by water power, or by steam power, as ingenuity has contrived here to save the toil of free labor—but by WHIP-POWER.

Man is not worked alone on the plantation, or over-worked there. *Woman* machinery is plied there, at *field* labor. In these unwholesome flats, beneath the fervid sun of the South, woman toils at a service intolerable to man, unless when freedom nerves his arm, and her fainting, faltering *machinery* is driven by the same terrible *power*. And while one thousand water-falls are turning the wheels and giving life to the spindles and looms of manufacture here, in the upland north, and making the land resound with labor-saving industry, slavery, throughout the low and level South, plies her ten thousand whips, to drive *man* and *woman machinery*, to furnish forth the material for its sister water power of the North.

I commend to the particular and calm consideration of this female auditory—especially those not infatuated with this abolition mania, (if any such have deigned to be here)—this branch of our “American System” of machinery and manufacture. WOMAN at FIELD, SLAVE LABOR, under the southern sun, PROPELLED by WHIP POWER!! I commend it to their *unexcited, cool, philosophical* consideration! It is true, it is colored woman, (though not always deeply colored) and that makes a material difference as to the matter of sympathy; but still, after making all allowance to the rights of our Southern brethren, and to our own *Christian prejudices*, I appeal to you, if the hue of the complexion, or the form of the feature, or the texture of the hair, or any other indication of the absence of “Saxon descent,” can entirely relieve the unhappy machinery from all sense of the unpleasantness of that sort of power? The poor dark sister, sometimes *slightly* weary—perhaps a

little discouraged—peradventure sick, (for a peculiarity of this machinery is liability to all these) then, when working at her utmost stretch of despairing endurance, the stimulating impulse must, I should think, be extremely unwelcome ! The overseer too, who regulates this propelling power, is not habitually polite, or delicate in his applications. He administers, with slight courtesy or ceremony, his enlivener of plantation industry. We read of Southern chivalry, but surely this cannot be its occasion or its display.

I say nothing of the buying and selling and transferring and separating, incident to our immense, boundless domestic traffic ; of the rending asunder these strong *humano-animal* ties, or the numberless other incidentals of the system. They do not, all that can be named, constitute the thing slavery. It cannot be described. It cannot be apprehended. It can no more be conceived, than endured. God only knows what it is in its extent. The slaveholder can give no account of it—the slave cannot tell of it—he can shiver at thought of its all subduing whip, and its disgusting, despairing labor,—he feels, to the extent of the power left in him, a sort of heart-break when the few objects of his strong affection are rent away from his sight. He runs away from its apparition, to be hunted up by the hound, or shot down by the chivalrous young sportsman. He hides from it in the bush and starves to death rather than look at it again,—or gives his scarred body to the ravens on the friendly bough—but he can give no account of slavery with his tongue. The sojourner from the North—the young gentleman, who migrates thither for a season to relieve himself from college debts by teaching amid its generous salaries—or the invalid clergyman, who performs a sort of missionary tour into its bland climates, and who experiences the charm of its hospitalities—they can give you no account of slavery. They ascertain to be sure that it has “ *been exaggerated*,” but they cannot describe to you what it is. God knows what it is—He alone can fathom its unutterable mysteries.

But what have we to do with all this? What right or power have Concord women to interfere for its suppression? Under what obligations are you to associate in regard to it? These are the questions. My friends, you have *every thing* to do with this slavery—you are the cause of its existence—through your culpable apathy, and your pro-slavery pride and hard-heartedness, this system has lived and flourished in your country.—You can abolish it, and you are bound to do it. God and humanity will hold you answerable for its continuance. You are deeply concerned and implicated in the system, and always have been, and always must be, until it is abolished. It subsists by your countenance—by your silent acquiescence. Female influence at the North enslaves women at the South. I need not

labor to show this—any mind sees it at once, that is willing to look at it. The connection, in this country, between general usages and customs, and popular opinions, every body understands and acknowledges. The voice of woman in forming and regulating public opinion, every body admits. Your voice has always been for slavery—it has never been raised against it.—Your conduct and demeanor have never been in discountenance of it. Who of you ever thought it a blemish in the character of a southern lady, that she held slaves? When she has come North, followed by her human spaniels, who of you ever whispered a word of reproof or admonition to her, or thought she deserved it? No one, and the more of a train she had, the profounder your estimation. Who of you ever thought it amiss, that the young northern fortune hunter married a rich slave estate at the South? It has always been accounted honorable, fortunate, enviable, to marry a plantation. The northern Christian and the *northern minister*, might do it, and not the slightest impeachment of his piety. This could never be the case, without female countenance and approbation here. If the women of the North had frowned upon slaveholding, and held it criminal and infamous, as they ought to have done, northern men would have so regarded it,—the northern church would so have esteemed it and treated it, and testified of it,—and would not her sister church at the South have been influenced by this? Could not the southern church long ago have been brought to feel that slaveholding was a daring crime against God, and if she felt this, would she not forsake that sin, and testify against it?—Would not the pulpit of the South have lifted up its voice against this mother of all iniquity and abomination? The southern religious press and all her presses, would they have set the church and the pulpit at defiance? Are the South moral monsters, proof against all moral and religious influence! Have abolitionists ever slandered the South by an accusation like this? Who are they that accuse you of denouncing and irritating the South? They who say there is no southern conscience;—that the church at the South is dead to the voice of Reason and Truth,—that you can never convince the South that enslaving and slaveholding are crimes. This reform must indeed originate in the North. The South cannot begin it. They are comparatively in no condition to begin it. It is as much as we ought to ask and expect of them to follow in it, after we have given them the lead. It is impossible almost for them to effect it until after a reformation here. We are guiltier than they, and our guilt is far easier of repentance and reformation. Our guilt lies in the way of their reformation. They cannot act until we do, and they must be acted upon. We must raise the standard, and it must be sustained and cheered on to triumph by northern woman. If she have any peculiar *province and sphere*, it is to head this moral reformation.

How does slavery subsist at the South? By what title does the white man hold the colored man's liberty? By lawful title as he does his horse or his land? No, my friends—no such thing, the master has no legal title to his slave. He never can have. There is no human law for it—no southern law even. You are told the law is in favor of slavery and in the way of emancipation, but it is not so. Slavery is in violation of law, and in defiance of all Constitutions. You have got no laws to repeal or to pass, at the South or elsewhere. Slaveholding is no more lawful at the South, than dueling is—or gambling—or dirking with the Bowie knife. The custom and the crime are only a little more general and popular. That slaveholding is universal there, makes it pass for law. It goes for law, because nobody disputes it. If the poor slave had an advocate to demand the law in his behalf, the tribunals of the South would have to allow him law and liberty. He cannot have justice now, because he has no man to ask it for him. Neither can he have it in the District of Columbia. He can't petition there—even Mr. Adams asks a slaveholding Speaker if it would be proper to present the petition of a slave. And when that venerable champion asserts that he would hear a slave, he declares also that he would hear the petition of a dog, if it were proffered to him. Our Congress denies the slave's right to petition. Why so, if the law on hearing his petition would not award him justice and liberty? Why should the slave at the seat of government be denied the right of petition for his liberty, and his right at the hand of Congress? Because he may not properly petition?—or because his petition cannot safely be received and denied? Why do they refuse to hear the slave, in our national Congress? Because by our national law he can't be *heard* there? No. We have no such law. He is denied for the same reason that you are—because he makes a claim there that if heard and considered they cannot resist, and are determined never to grant him. They deny *you* there. Hear what they have done with your own Right of Petition, on the 22d of the present December,—the *anniversary* of your *Pilgrim Landing*. “Resolved that all Petitions relating to the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia”—(not petitions of slaves but “all petitions”)—“all resolutions and petitions in relation to the buying and selling of slaves, and every thing in relation to slavery be laid on the table, without *discussion*, without *reference*, without *reading* and without *printing*.” This resolution was presented by a Virginian. A New-Hampshire member moved to dispense with all rule and order, to let the resolution have immediate place, and it was voted by your Congress 135 to 60. The Virginian then made a speech, without order, preliminary to the previous question, and then moved it, to *prevent reply*. Mr. Adams rose to protest against it, and was

cried down by a hundred voices, and the question, quelling debate, was voted by 124. The gag resolution was then passed without discussion, 122 to 74. On this I make no other comment than that they have the same right to pass it on *your* petitions, that they have to smother the petition of a *colored* slave, and they have the same right to do it in our Congress, that they have in a Southern Legislature or court of justice. The slave has a right to be heard in Congress on his petition. He has a right to petition, not because a dog has a right to complain, but (with deference to Mr. Adams) because a *man* has a right to complain. The slave is a *MAN*, and therefore a petitioner—an *American* man, and therefore a rightful petitioner in American courts and the American Congress—and he will be heard there, whenever his rights are boldly and manfully demanded for him, and that without repealing or passing any laws. The fundamental and eternal principles of Right and Law, which give the white man Right and Liberty, give the black man and any man the same. A man has them, because he is human, and he has them inalienably. No mortal enactment can deprive him of them, and it has to be done, if it all, by force, and so it is done by slavery. I care not for usage or custom or fashion.—They never can make law, in this country, of such a thing as slaveholding. It is said the constitution of your country is in your way. I will not trouble you with any formal argument to disprove this. That a *free* constitution should sanction or warrant slavery, is an idea too absurd and preposterous, to require any thing but the mere statement to refute it. A constitution providing or permitting slavery! A constitution, by which your right may be taken from you, and given to me! Impossible. Would our great statesmen covet the glory of “Defenders of such a constitution!” The American Constitution is a free one. It was ordained in behalf of liberty. It guarantees it to every man. You need not even read it to be convinced of this. The contrary idea is impossible. A constitution that should attempt to sanction slavery, would be a moral and a legal monstrosity. Is there a woman here, that would live in a country with such a constitution? Is there a Christian or a man here, that would not flee such a country? Is there a descendant of those Pilgrims that could not brook the slight infringements of liberty which drove them here from country and home, that would stay here under a constitution that would strip a man of every thing, that constitutes him—every right he has and every ingredient he is made up of—that turns him into an article for the inventory—that ranks immortal woman with swine! I deny indignantly, before the women of this auditory, that such a constitution exists in the country they remain in. I ask you to read the constitution. *I think you can understand it.* I think it is within “your sphere” to read it. It controls all enact-

ments of your Congress, and the constitutions and acts of all the States, and it forbids the violation of any man's liberty. But if it were otherwise, so much the more need of your Society and its influence. If we have slavery laws, a moral sentiment must be created that shall abrogate them—and woman must lead the van in its formation. Her position in society makes it her place and her duty. If the laws of South Carolina enslave and imbrute a southern woman the women and men of New-Hampshire are bound to shed a moral influence upon the people of that State, that shall repeal that law. Why not? Are State lines impassable to moral influence? Is your moral influence bounded by the lines of your little State? Is it bounded on the south by the line of Massachusetts, and “west by the western bank of Connecticut river?” Are your moral responsibilities bounded by these limits? Are your missionary obligations bounded east by the western shores of the Atlantic ocean? No, my friends, nor by the eastern shores either—nor by the Indian ocean. They double the capes—traverse the isles afar off in the wide Pacific. Juggernaut, as it lumbers along over the prostrate devotee, and the smoke of the pyre in which the Hindoo widow aspires to reunite herself to her departed husband, all lie clearly within the jurisdiction of your charities, and you no more let distance and ocean barriers release you from your missionary efforts there, than from domestic duties in your households, or kind offices among your poor or sick neighbors. The Carolinas lie at your door. Your influence alights upon them, with the velocity of the steamboat and the rail car. It flies to them on the wings of the press and in the voice of rumor. This very meeting will reach them, with the flight of your public mail. If the northern press were free and faithful to its trust, it would shower an influence at once upon the entire South, that would affect usages, laws and every thing else there. Your hands do not conduct that press—but you have influence with the hands, heads and hearts that do.

It is one of the current objections that you have no right to interfere. This seems hardly to deserve an answer—but it must be noticed. In some modes of interference, I admit you have no right. In some ways, interference would do no good. In all the objectionable ways, it would do none. Your State Legislature may not pass enactments against the crime of slaveholding in Carolina. No abolitionist thinks they can, or that it would be useful if they could. Legislation in Carolina itself is not wanted for the abolition of slavery there. It is unlawful there now. Legislation is not wanted any where. It is not wanted in Congress, in order to make slavery and the slave trade in the District unlawful. They are both so now. Nothing can be wanted of the national or State Legislature, but to prescribe the penalty for the commission of the crime. Congress should

declare the domestic slave trade to be the crime it has declared the foreign trade to be, and affix the same penalty to it. It need not declare the traffic unlawful, in order to make it so. We petition Congress in order to bring the subject before the nation, and if possible to have discussion in that body strike out the truth for the mind and conscience of the country. Discussion will reveal to the dullest eye the enormity of slavery and will give it its place in the execration of mankind.

You may not interfere with slavery by sending armies to fight it down—although all admit we are bound to march to its defence, should the enslaved at any time strike for their liberty. But armies cannot conquer it. You may not advise the slaves to avenge their wrongs. Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, I will repay. As to insurrection, those who do not allow them the right to that, must be cautious about giving vent to their Fourth of July patriotism. They must hush the voice of celebration. The copies of that old “flourish of rhetoric” by the continental committee put forth to help us through our insurrection against the British parliament, for their *abridgement* of the *sacred right* of tea-drinking, must all be suppressed. We must hide out of sight and hearing, all those “self-evident truths,” that we have aforetime so unwarily trumpeted through the land—lest they strike the ear of some listening SLAVE. Abolitionists have been accused of instigating the slaves to rise upon their masters. The accusation is a bloody-minded falsehood, intended to excite the mob to insurrection against us and to curry favor with the South. James T. Austin accused Elijah P. Lovejoy of this in Faneuil Hall. It was a base slander, and uttered in the worst spirit of the Alton mob—and intended no doubt to excite popular violence in the meeting. But James T. Austin, in his 4th of July blusters—if he has ever played the orator on that day—and all our host of pro-slavery declaimers—have done all that could be done to disseminate the principles of insurrection, by proclaiming in the ears of the land, inalienable liberty, and the sacred right to resist oppression by force. Abolitionists teach no such lessons. They teach nothing to the slave. They speak not to his dull ear. Their cry is to God, that he will give him patience to wait a peaceful disenfranchisement, and to the oppressor, that he repent and forsake his oppression. They cry to God, too, that *he* may have patience with the heaven-daring country, till truth can awaken us to repentance. They advocate the universal duty of non-resistance by violence and enforce it with their practice—while pro-slavery patriotism has read the old insurrectionary Declaration of Independence, and pointed the slave to Bunker Hill and to Yorktown, as the way to vindicate these “self-evident” rights. And who that holds to the principles of our revolution, can deny to the slave the horrible right of insurrection?—and

why is *his* insurrection for liberty worse than John Hancock's, and Samuel Adams's, and Joseph Warren's? If they had the right, HE HAS IT, and his occasion for its exercise is infinite compared with theirs. That occasion, my friends, I pray you may speedily take away, and I would meantime caution the oppressor against talking too freely about the doings of the revolutionary fathers. Indeed he is growing prudent about it. The old "rhetorical flourish" is rarely read *aloud* of late.

We may not interfere through the medium of the slave. He has nothing to do with the question. But if we do not prevail in this enterprise and prevail in season, there will arise a question, in which he will have a voice and a HAND. And let the land take warning,—that question will arise, as sure as the rapid and augmenting increase of his numbers and his strength. It will come as sure as there is warning in human history—sameness in human nature and retribution in heaven. Let those deride and hinder the anti-slavery enterprise, who desire its coming. But the avoidance of that catastrophe by means of your moral agitation, the slave has no part in. That must be accomplished by the oppressor, and first and mainly at the North. I repeat it, the South cannot begin. We have no right to ask her to. She stands at disadvantage and must be reached by the reflection of northern light. The grand doctrine of human equality of right and brotherhood, as taught in the New Testament, must obtain here in the North, and be embraced practically and from the heart,—religiously, and not in the abstract. We have kept it abstract long enough—and difficult and arduous as is the task of bringing it into practice, it can be done, and we have got it to do—and thanks to Heaven, faithful and mighty agencies are at work to effect it. This doctrine must be infused into the northern church and the northern pulpit. That fatal and infidel delusion, that the slave is not a man, but of an inferior rank of being, and that "expediency" demands the continuance of his enslavement, must be expelled the northern pulpit. The prayers, tears, voice and every influence of man and of woman must be put in requisition to this effect. Woman must be prominent in the work. I do not say particularly, that it is her especial part and duty to advocate publicly. Shame on us if we oblige her to do it. Men *ought*, as custom is, to do the public lecturing and the editing and printing. But if they wont do it, woman must—and she will be far less away from her sphere, than she is, delving among slave men, in the southern rice flat. It will become her more and weary her less. Men should do the rougher and more active offices of emancipation—but if they decline them, they must be performed by more generous and sympathetic woman. No wise woman will withhold her hand, if the cause demands

it. She will rather pump with her own fair hand, than have the ship sink.

Women must associate—they must read, write, pray, contribute, work, discuss in conversational circles, instill anti-slavery truth into the young mind and into the old mind. They must agitate the conscience of the community—they must petition, and if men wont spare them the unwelcome labor, they must lecture and print. There must be female witnesses ready if need be to encounter the bloody spirit of the times—to be persecuted and mobbed like the gifted and generous stranger, who was once assailed by brute violence, for addressing the very association to whom I am now speaking, and whose noble life was hunted here amid your *meeting houses* and *printing presses*, for liberty of speech and of conscience, when your quiet streets resounded with the savage yell, unheard here before since the days of your Indian massacre. Women must encounter all this. It becomes woman to do it. It is her sphere. Slavery must be abolished at all sacrifices. You must see that it is done. You are as responsible for its being done, as men are. You are more responsible—for you have more moral influence. Be not too careful about keeping within any fashionable sphere. Do your duty. That is your sphere.—Abolish slavery among you. Deliver your sister from her horrible thralldom. Rescue her from the monster, that is dishonoring and devouring her. Do whatever coward and slothful man leaves undone. And shâme on the ungenerous man, that will taunt and insult you, for doing his neglected duty. And why is all this hue and cry about woman's lecturing and writing. Is it the first time that she has transcended her sphere and mingled in the efforts and enterprises of men? Have not ladies left their toilette and gone into the very camp, and wrought their own dresses into *dressings* for the wounds of the soldier?—Have they not descended into the besieged trench and worked at the fortifications with their own gentle hands, and mounted the rampart in time of siege, and even pointed and fired the cannon in the field and on the wall, and have not all voices proclaimed her heroine? Was she in her sphere in the dust and smoke and fury of fighting brute men, and is she out of it, when she opens her mouth to plead before her free sisters, in behalf of her sister in bondage! She may fight like a beast of prey, in the midst of infuriated, demoniac men, and it becomes her delicate nature and her gentle sex—but if she petitions her countrymen, in behalf of suffering and outraged humanity, and the violated law, under which she lives, forsooth “she is out of her sphere,” and the press and pulpit raise the hue and cry against her to clamor her into silence. Angelina E. Grimke, of Charleston, South Carolina, a quakeress, visited the North to tell her free countrywomen the secrets of the prison-house of

the South. From holding circles of conversation, she addressed them as they thronged her to hear in female assemblies.—The fame of her eloquence spread through the country and curious gentlemen felt an irresistible desire to hear her speak and intruded themselves among her auditors. They were overpowered by her arguments and conscience smitten at the truths she disclosed, and went away and set up an alarm, that she had *got out of her sphere* and was usurping the prerogative of the wiser sex, and that the church and the union were in danger. Who are these men, that are so scandalized at Miss Grimke's speaking in public and that regard this unusual affair of a woman's speaking aloud with more apprehension than they do the enslavement of a sixth part of their nation? Who are they that make all this ado, when a woman "oversteps the modesty of" — fashion, and offends the decorum of this precious community,—who cry aloud and spare not,—and yet when the wail of ten thousand women comes up from the abyss of bondage on the south wind, they are as dumb as a watch dog that has eat himself to sleep on his master's threshold! Shame on your presses and your pulpits, that make this senseless and inconsistent outcry about this noble woman, and shame on the North, that obliges her to come from the regions of slaveholding, to awaken freemen to the first principles of liberty. If the noble minded and generous hearted Grimke is out of her sphere, it is because others are out of theirs and she is obliged to step into it. If she is doing a duty that does not belong to her, it is because it has been basely abandoned by those to whom it does belong, and it is with an ill grace, that they make it matter of charge against her. And is it becoming in us at a time like this, to be discussing matters of precedence between the sexes who shall lecture and who not, when we have barely time if we have it at all, to escape destruction with our united host and whole efforts? It will take all the talent, all the zeal and all the agency in the land to meet the terrible exigency of our case. To the wall, then, all hands and hearts!—every one, male and female, old and young, where they can best lend a hand, and wherever a champion advances most gallantly the standard of Truth and Liberty, let there be no question of the prerogative of sex or rank. All who are valiantly in the warfare, cannot be out of their sphere, and all who are not—cannot be in it.

American slavery is the crime and curse of the whole land. Its root and life principle are in the North. The tree not only overshadows the North, but its roots run up here and are intertwined among the rocks of the soil of freedom. Here it derives its nutriment and here it must be overthrown. It must fall by the axe of Free Discussion. This mighty and peaceful weapon every body can wield. It is this that slaveholding dreads,

and begs you, commands you not to take up. The South asks the North to sustain her slave system by its silence. She says to us—all we demand of you, is that you keep still and hold your peace. We don't want to hear you talk on this subject in our ears. You disturb our tranquillity and agitate us. We can't discuss the subject—we can't allow you to discuss it—it must not be discussed. We don't want your vindication of our institutions. You need not speak in favor of slavery. Your clergy and doctors need not quote scripture, nor your statesmen and patriots argue the constitution. We get no defence by that here or elsewhere. It gives our minds no satisfaction at all. All we want is for you to be still, as you always have been, until this agitation of your fanatics. Treat the free negroes as you have done—promote colonization to drain off as many of them as you can, out of sight of our slaves, and out of sight of the conscience of your church, and we will take care of slavery. Promote colonization. You find funds, and we will find secretary and officers, and orators to make the speeches. But let there be no discussion among you at the North. You don't know how to talk on this “delicate subject.” And my friends, they judge and talk shrewdly, and if we would be still, they would maintain slavery till God sent a remedy for it in a civil war and the extermination or enslavement, in turn, of the white people of this nation. We have been still, and now we have begun to agitate our communities, the South bids us be silent. She has sent up her mandates to our governors, requiring them to enact laws to silence our lecturers, and disperse our anti-slavery meetings, and muzzle our free presses. And when pro-slavery governors and general courts have not dared to encounter the awkward old Constitutions and Bills of Rights, by enacting gag statutes, they have, in the *meaner* and *more servile States*, passed vassal resolutions, and called on the mob to enforce them. And presses and pulpits have lent their aid in summoning the ruffian mob to the work—and most promptly has a craven and degenerate community obeyed the summons. The land has rung with outrage and violence, till at last murder has laid its bloody hand on the mouth of discussion and on the press. The massacre of Elijah P. Lovejoy and the bold and repeated destruction of his press, openly, in a free State, and the perfect impunity and popularity of the deed are an awful illustration of the state of the country. Slavery has been charged on the South and disclaimed here, and abolitionists have been fiercely told to go there, where slavery is, and not disturb community here, where it is not. They have labored to show that it existed in spirit *here*—but with tardy success, till the murder at Alton has burst upon the land, in proof like a clap of thunder. There Alton and St. Louis—Illinois and Missouri—the North and the South have met—on the free side

of slavery's line and shaken hands upon the bloody system. They have pledged themselves in behalf of perpetual slavery—offered up to it with mutual hand, freedom of speech and the liberty of the Press, and sealed their foul covenant and drank over their pledge, in the blood of a martyr. And the land has heard it and sanctioned the compact. The northern press has sullenly cursed the selfishness of Lovejoy that led to the development—while the southern press denounces and disclaims the murder, for fear it will make abolitionists. They need not fear. It will take many such tragedies to give them any ground of alarm.

But you have been agitating the community for years, and slavery is not abolished. You have filled the land with mobs and division and “bad feelings,” and have emancipated no slaves. As to mobs and divisions, let those answer who are guilty. Anti-slavery employs no mobs—it generates no bad feelings in those who embrace it—creates no division, which ought not to be created, until all are united for the abolition of slavery. It is true slavery still subsists and but few of the slaves are liberated. But anti-slavery does not aim at individual emancipation. It strikes at the system. To the charge that you have not liberated a single slave, I offer the reply of GEO. THOMPSON to Rev. Mr. Breckenridge:—“On the night of 31st July, 1834,” said he, “what had British abolitionists done for emancipation in the West Indies? They had excited mobs and exasperated the planters—they had put back emancipation—they had divided churches and created ill feeling, throughout England, but had not emancipated a single slave. But how was it the morning of the 1st of August! There breathed not a slave in the British Islands! The sun went down the night before on 800,000 slaves. It rose that morning on 800,000 freemen! A pretty night's work,” said Mr. Thompson—and such a night's work will yet be done here. And why is it not done already? Because those who complain that you have done nothing, are standing in your way. The respectability and the Christian profession of the North are in your way.—They are standing between you and the conscience of the southern church. Who are your most formidable opponents in this righteous enterprise? They are your doctor Fisks and Professor Stuarts, who are frightening the church at the North, and your attorney general Austins and your governor ——— (blanks) who keep awake the pride and prejudices and fears of the people,—who quote scripture and libel the constitution in behalf of oppression—who hold and harangue the preliminary, mob-breeding meetings—who mingle their faint disapprobation of mobs “*in the abstract*,” with fierce denunciations and slanders against the abolitionists. Your clergymen, who decline to give notice of your prayer meetings, or

give them coldly and significantly "*on request*," with a reluctance they would scarcely feel, I had almost said, to notify a training or a caravan from the pulpit;—who merely suggest now and then, that *servant* in the translation is *slave* in the original; who think lecturing on the colored man's right to the Bible, is a desecration of the Sabbath and of the pulpit. These men, who hold the moral and political reins among us, are the inveterate enemies of negro emancipation, and of any moral agitation in behalf of the slave, and they are the main obstacles in your way, except perhaps our dainty-spirited, pro-slavery ladies, who cannot endure this shocking, vulgar, negro abolitionism.

The field, my respected friends, for the great conflict that must liberate the slave, is the northern church meeting and the northern prayer meeting. There we must wrestle with God and with man, and Christian women must lead, or at least go abreast in the van of the conflict. Conquer the northern church, and its southern "institution" falls. Break up the church's criminal silence on the subject of this heaven-daring abomination, and the foul system perishes in the light of truth.

And my Christian friends, you must do this for the sake of the church. You cannot advance her cause in the face of American slavery. You can't dream of the millenium until your slavery is abolished. You can't have this country a Christian nation, till the negro's eye is allowed to look upon the Bible. You can expect no more revivals of religion, while your pulpit shrinks from the advocacy enjoined by the Saviour himself in the synagogues of Nazareth. You can never shed a gospel influence on heathen lands from a region of slaveholding Christianity—and that continent of Africa, which after all has got to be confessed as a portion of the world we live in—the world to be given to Christ, when he shall have the heathen for his inheritance—how can you look Africa in the face, while you cherish the enslavement of her children. That injured and ill-fated continent, where the commerce of *Christendom* has thronged and flocked these centuries, like eagles to the carcass, to traffic in humanity, and towards whom missionary charity has hardly had the effrontery to cast a glance—you never will think of sending her the gospel, with the Nimrod spirit you now cherish toward the complexion of her children. You may send out your few and scattered missionaries, charged with your message of Christianity to the heathen, while the guilty country is sending forth in every form influences, a thousand to one, to counteract and give the lie to your benevolent professions. Heal your own Christianity—convert your own slaveholding heathen. Stop your manufacture of colored heathen here—your home manufacture—before you make further *professions* of love to heathen abroad. Your professions are

false. Cease withholding the Bible and the light of salvation from the slave millions in your own midst. Cast this enormous beam of heathenism out of your nation's eye and the eye of your national church and charity, before you *pretend* further solicitude for the mote in the eye of India and China. Make your peace with the defrauded, hunted and exiled Indian, whose blood cries to God from the whole ground beneath our feet—whom we have driven from his country and home, by the hand of fraud and violence, and then hypocritically sent a few missionaries after him into the wilderness. Christianize your own church. Then will your nation shine in the eyes of mankind—a city on a hill—a missionary beacon light that will flame to heaven and beam to the ends of the earth, enlightening and converting the nations, without your sending abroad a single torch. Then will your prayers ascend to God for the salvation of the heathen, unattended with the moan of your despairing slaves and the lament and curse of the vanishing Indian; and your sacrifices to the Lord be offered and your mites cast into his treasury, unmingled with the price of blood, and “hire kept back by fraud.”

THIRD ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

CONCORD FEMALE ANTI SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Three years have passed away since some twenty or thirty females of Concord, who had heard of the wrongs of the slave and commiserated his hapless condition, “being convinced of the justice and necessity of the immediate emancipation of those held in bondage,” formed themselves into a society (auxiliary to the New-Hampshire Anti-Slavery Society,) whose declared objects were “to endeavor by all means sanctioned by law, humanity and religion, to effect the immediate abolition of slavery in these United States, to improve the character and condition of the free people of color, and to remove those long, deep-rooted prejudices peculiar to our own country, against the African race.”

Though a little, feeble band, with a work of such vast magnitude before them, they came forth, relying on Him who executeth righteousness for the oppressed, in full faith that he would enable them in some humble measure, "to aid and assist by their efforts and influence, those, who striving against our great national sin, were engaged in the cause of God and the best good of our country."

It is yet fresh in our recollection that we were met with opposition at the very outset. Even while associating ourselves in the fear of God for the promotion of this work of justice and mercy, we were assailed by violent if not malignant opposition in the fearful form which it has since assumed in so many of our cities and villages, recently shedding the heart's blood of one of our most estimable citizens. Yes! on the memorable fourteenth of November, 1834, the peaceable village of Concord for the first time (would it had been the last) was dishonored by the gathering of a mob. And for what? To disturb and disperse an assembly of unoffending, unpretending women! True the alleged reason was that George Thompson, "a foreigner and an Englishman," was present, but we may be allowed to remark that this "foreigner," was not at *every* meeting that was so disturbed. It was on a subsequent occasion declared in one of the leading papers of the town, that "the excitement was no stronger against Thompson personally, than against the *cause* in which he is engaged." Yet we do not cherish unkind remembrances. We bring not a railing accusation against our town. Though we may not in this instance "pardon something to the spirit of liberty," it is a palliation of the offence, that those deluded men were blinded by the influences of the demon of slavery, who has cast a more potent spell over the minds of northern freemen than they are aware; and we desire to adopt the prayer, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Owing to the intrepidity of the Rev. George Storrs, a fearless champion of right and righteousness, the meeting was not suffered to be broken up. The names were signed with firm hearts, if with trembling hands, and the association was formed.

Such was the origin of our society. A brief sketch of its efforts, and allusions to some of the thrilling occurrences of these three eventful years, will constitute this, our third Annual Report.

The annals of Anti-Slavery for the years 1835-6, present an appalling list of mobs and riots, in which New-Hampshire had a most disgraceful share. Indeed these "outbreakings of public sentiment," as they were softly termed, were in almost every place simultaneous with the first meetings of the friends of the slave.—Abolitionists in all places have been the subjects of scorn and reproach, and in most, the victims of bitter, and sometimes, alas! bloody persecution. Though Wm. Lloyd Garrison had been nearly five years endeavoring in thunder-tones to rouse the nation from its deadly apathy, though the youthful disciples of freedom who went out from the Lane Seminary had raised their piercing voices in the same cry; though the resistless eloquence of George Thompson had reached the hearts and consciences of thousands in the free States; and other faithful laborers had continued the alarm; yet so thoroughly had the spirit of slavery incorporated itself with the feel-

ings, the prejudices, and the interests of the people, that those who opened their mouths for the dumb, and advocated immediate emancipation, were viewed as fanatical disturbers of the public peace, and pronounced by high authority to be "indictable at common law." Still they deemed it their duty to "obey God rather than men," and persisted in their efforts to enlighten and arouse the public mind. Facts, appalling, astounding, heart-moving facts, in relation to slavery, were continually developed. Many of the horrible secrets of that prison-house were disclosed. And they were sufficient to harrow up our souls. In view of that abominable system of legalized wrong and outrage, we were excited to work with all diligence to help dispel the "darkness which might be felt" in the community around us. Receiving a goodly accession to our number, we wrought with our own hands to raise funds and procure publications for gratuitous distribution.

By referring to our Report for 1835, we find that we subscribed for one copy of the *Liberator*, six copies of the *Herald of Freedom*, three of the *Quarterly Magazine* and twenty-five of the *Anti-Slavery Record*. And by contributing fifty dollars to the funds of the American Anti-Slavery Society, we were furnished with a large number of their publications, including the *Slave's Friend*, a periodical admirably adapted to the juvenile portion of the community, for gratuitous circulation. We also procured addresses from some able advocates of the cause, and corresponded with sister societies who had preceded us in the good work.

It was in October, 1835, that the great mob of *respectable* citizens was gathered in Boston, by which the dispersion of the Female Anti-Slavery meeting was effected, and the person and life of Wm. Lloyd Garrison imminently endangered. And in September preceding, the quiet of our own village was again interrupted by a mob, infuriated, and it would seem, "thirsting for the blood of an Englishman." We wish not to recapitulate the transactions of that night of "wild uproar." Some of us, assembled at the hospitable mansion which was an object of attack for having sheltered the eminent philanthropist from our father-land, who was so obnoxious to those "sons of liberty," yet remember the oral demonstrations of the spirit that possessed them. Then it was that we learned how persecution for righteousness' sake strengthens the hearts of the persecuted—viz. by driving them for protection and succor to the Almighty, whose name is a strong tower. And when the voice of supplication went up from among us for the outcast pleader for the oppressed, and in our own behalf, we felt that we were safe,—that they who were for us were more than they who were against us.—Never saw we more clearly on which side we were arrayed. God grant us to be steadfast, immoveable, always abounding in His work.

In November ensuing, George Thompson was driven from our shores, his friends judging that his longer stay here were at the imminent peril of his life. Yet his only crime was that he dared to speak in behalf of the American Slave! Posterity will wonder at this. We of the present day, see in it an added incentive to exertion, lest the slumber which has come over the American mind should end in moral death.

The year 1836 opened new and glorious prospects to the friends of freedom. True, the contest was mightier, but success was on the side of right. The enemy raged, but as if he knew he had but a short time. Agents, lecturers and societies were multiplied—light and truth poured in upon the people, and many great and honest minds yielded to their convincing influences. Congress was besieged with petitions for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, which petitions we had assisted in circulating. They would not listen—

“The prayer
Of thousands, tens of thousands, was cast
Unheard beneath the speaker’s chair :—”

but they *talked* upon the subject, it was all we expected—it was a point gained.

In March, abolitionists were permitted to plead before the Legislature of Massachusetts, and the cause was honored in the hearing of the representatives of the honest yeomanry, who have since come out so nobly in its support. Several interesting slave cases were tried during the summer at the courts in Boston, and the decision ultimately given by Chief Justice Shaw, that, by the law of Massachusetts, a slave if brought into the state by his master or mistress, is free. This resuscitation of a long buried law was effected by means of the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society, and the first recipient of its benefits was an interesting child, called in the dialect of slavery, *Med*, who by request of one of the ladies who was most active in bringing the case into notice, was named Maria Sommersett. Thus released from the mind-crushing grasp of slavery, she is now at the Samaritan Asylum for colored orphans, an institution established by the same society, where she is enjoying the blessings of instruction, in a region of light and freedom. For an account of this trial, see the pamphlet entitled “Case of the slave child Med,” containing the eloquent plea in her behalf, of Ellis Gray Loring, Esq., an ardent friend of humanity and human rights.*

The Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society has a foremost rank in this great moral contest. Were not their trials, dangers and responsibilities proportionate, their ability and opportunity for action would place them in an enviable point of view. But if our sphere of duty is more limited—if ours is a less conspicuous part—if our means of doing good are less abundant—we may remember for our consolation that it is the *acting well* the part assigned, however humble, and *making the most diligent use* of the talent or talents entrusted, that ensure the “Well done, good and faithful.”

The Conventions in 1836 were well attended and marked by unanimity, decision and Christian zeal. With hearts beating high for holy freedom, they pledged themselves, in the language of one of their resolutions, “to one another—to the oppressor and the oppressed—to our country and our God—that, undeterred by threats

* In a letter to the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society on this subject, Mr. Loring remarks, “It is a very interesting consideration, that a decision not exceeded in interest or real moment by any decision made within the last half century, should be obtained through female agency. It ought to be a strong argument with the females of our land to unite in societies, gathering, as they may from union, a moral strength adequate to such important results.”

of 'prosecution at common law,' whether in the messages of our Governors, the pages of our theological reviews, or the reports of Legislative Committees, come what may—gag law or lynch law—we will never cease from the exercise, full, free and undiminished, of the right of *free discussion*, till the last fetter shall be broken, and slavery and prejudice shall be buried in one common grave."—This was and continues to be the solemn, determined resolution of abolitionists. One of them has sealed his testimony with his blood, and thousands more are as steadfast hearted, if not ready to be offered.

Our efforts were continued through that year as usual. We saw comparatively little fruit of our labors, but we knew we were aiding the great cause which must ultimately triumph, and we patiently toiled on. Again we exerted ourselves to circulate petitions. Our correspondence was extended. We contributed fifty dollars to aid the Herald of Freedom. On the last week in December, the Rev. J. T. Woodbury, whom we had invited to deliver our Annual Address, gave a series of lectures in the South Church Vestry, calculated for "reproof, exhortation, and instruction" in the doctrines of abolition. The cause promised to be greatly promoted by a mission to the West Indies, undertaken by Messrs. Kimball and Thome, under the direction of the American Anti-Slavery Society. The result of their labors is soon to be forth-coming in a volume, which will form a valuable accession to the list of Anti-Slavery publications. We were encouraged by the astonishing progress of the cause throughout our country, and entered upon the year 1837, with renewed faith, and hope and zeal.

This year has been distinguished by more strenuous efforts on the part both of the friends and opponents of emancipation. The nation is rocked to its centre. The alarm was early sounded through the country that a plan was in contemplation for the annexation of Texas to the Union, thereby augmenting slave-holding territory, wealth and power. The friends of the slave were on the alert. It seemed that a crisis had come, which must be met with vigilant, inflexible and persevering effort. And men have been raised for the exigency. Champions have arisen to assert and maintain the rights which are threatened to be wrested from American citizens. The names of William L. Channing and John Quincy Adams, will stand out in bright and bold relief on this dark page of our country's history. Petitions and remonstrances are again being crowded upon Congress, and they must be heard. It is the last hope—we were about to say, of the slave and the free in this guilty, degraded land. But no!

"We have no hope in Pharaoh—
Much in God—much in the Rock of Ages."

The Legislatures of Vermont and Massachusetts have taken positions honorable to them as representatives of free and enlightened States. Again the legislative hall in Boston has echoed the sound of eloquent advocacy of the rights of man and the expediency no less than the justice of immediate abolition.*

The month of May, the great Anniversary season at New York, was rendered memorable by the Female Anti-Slavery Convention of

* By H. B. Stanton.

Delegates assembled from New-Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New-York, New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio and South Carolina; three of whom were from our Society. The object of this convention was "to interest women in the subject of Anti-Slavery, and establish a system of operations throughout every town and village in the free States, that would exert a powerful influence in favor of the abolition of American Slavery." The proceedings were honorable to the distinguished ladies who were active in its deliberations. Intent on the high and holy object which had called them from their families and firesides, they pursued it with dignity, ability and unwavering trust in Him in whose name they were met together, that He would bless their efforts in behalf of His down-trodden poor, who have no earthly helper.

The publications, six in number, issued by this Convention, were calculated to inspire our hopes, and afford much aid to the cause, especially the "Appeal to the women of the *nominally* free States," which we wish every one of those women might read. Our Society paid ten dollars to assist in defraying the expenses of these publications, and received a share of them for distribution.

The New-Hampshire Anti-Slavery Convention brought together a goodly number of true-hearted friends to the cause, among whom were the well known J. G. Birney and William Goodell, the practical "Philanthropist" and devoted "Friend of Man." We were strengthened anew. The annexation of Texas was the prevailing subject before the meeting, and the necessity was urged of taking immediate measures to circulate remonstrances for presentation to Congress at its extra session in September. Accordingly a special meeting of our Society was called, in which it was unanimously voted that we should take on ourselves the responsibility of circulating such remonstrances in every part of our State. A committee was appointed for this purpose, who, as far as practicable, were faithful to their trust; and returns from many of the towns showed that our endeavors were seconded by true, though in many instances (to us) unknown friends of the slave. They have their reward.

One delightful circumstance in relation to our cause, we would mention with grateful emotion. It is the interest which is felt in it by the young. A cheering demonstration of this was the assembling of the Young Men's Convention in this town in August.— True to the principles in which they had been nurtured, they came with full purpose of heart, in all the warmth of youthful feeling, to engage in the cause of "holy and impartial liberty," and to retrieve the character of our State. Scorning to be slaves themselves, and animated with the generous ardor of patriotism, they were indignant that any of their fellow citizens should under the waving banner of freedom, be held in ignominious bondage. The love of God and man was glowing in their bosoms, and they had learned the sublime precept, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." They came ready prepared and nerved for the conflict, and to consecrate their energies on freedom's altar,

"Not unto battle and to blood,
Not girt and panoplied with steel,
But to the strife of heart with heart,
And armed with christian faith and zeal."

Many of them were from the halls of Dartmouth, *now* the nursery of free minds, which are one day, we trust, to become

“The prop and glory of our State.”

! We also name with much pleasure, the Young Ladies' Society, recently formed in this town. Juvenile Societies, (one in this village,) have been formed in various parts of the free States, by which the sympathies of children become enlisted in favor of the slave.

We have also been gladdened by the formation of several Female Societies in New-Hampshire during the present year, two of which, those of Dunbarton and Durham, are auxiliary to ours.—From the former we gratefully acknowledge that our treasury has received a supply of thirty dollars.

The efforts of those devoted sisters, S. M. and A. E. Grimke, who have so unremittingly labored in the cause of the oppressed the past season, have been abundantly blessed in stopping the mouths of gainsayers, carrying conviction to doubting minds, and enlightening those who were willing to receive the truth. We had hoped to be cheered and helped by a visit from them at this time, but the prostration of health induced by their excessive labors has prevented. God grant them speedy restoration!

The attempts to effect a division in the Anti-Slavery ranks, when the crisis has demanded a firmer concentration of effort, has grieved our hearts. We pray that all devices tending to interrupt the harmony of abolitionists and weaken their confidence in one another, may come to nought; that the spirit of love and forgiveness may animate all; and that single-heartedness in aim and object, the love of God and man, may characterize every professed friend of the slave.

Finally we have reason to thank God and take courage. Our cause is becoming as a mountain to fill the whole land. Probably the number of Anti-Slavery Societies in the United States, is now as many as 13 or 1400. More than 100,000 persons petitioned Congress at its last regular session for the abolition of Slavery in the District. This year the number will be far greater, and that of signers to the remonstrances against Texas, greater still. More than sixty presses are friendly to immediate emancipation, and with eight it is a paramount object. Our seminaries of learning are becoming *free* institutions. Poetry, from some of the most powerful and gifted pens, is doing great things for the cause. The works of the late lamented Elizabeth M. Chandler, and of the living, talented Harriet Martineau, are helping it onward. Political men are drawn out upon this question. Ecclesiastical bodies are acting upon it. In fine, it is becoming the one-absorbing topic, and so will continue until the foul blot on the national escutcheon, the deadly consuming evil which is sapping the vitals of this republic, shall be forever removed.

Our Society now numbers 120, nine of whom are life members. Our records for the year show that we were pledged to the State Society for seventy-five dollars, more than half of which has been paid, and enough remains in the treasury, with the contemplated avails of manufactured articles yet unsold, to nearly redeem the pledge. We have purchased 100 Anti-Slavery Almanacs. We

have corresponded with nearly every sister Society in the State.* Since the formation of our Society, we have reaped much benefit from correspondence with the Female Anti-Slavery Societies of Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Fall River, &c.; also with George Thompson, S. M. and A. E. Grimke and others. The blessing of God has been upon our humble exertions. It is a privilege to labor in this cause. It is a blessed thing to *endeavor* to wipe the tears of the oppressed, to raise up the bowed down, to comfort those that mourn, to speak peace to the troubled heart, to enlighten the darkened mind, to "remember those in bonds as bound with them."

Yes! they are yet in bonds—"our countrymen" are yet "in chains." The scourge, the whip are yet laid "on woman's shrinking flesh!" Our work is not yet done. Those who were created but "a little lower than the angels," are sunken as far as slavery can sink them, below the beasts that perish. And does Almighty Justice yet permit it? Our work is not yet done. A little longer we must toil and pray and wait. Almighty forbearance yet delays. A space is given our nation to repent.

We have also been admonished to be diligent by a fearful messenger. Death has been among us. Four of our number within the past three years have been called to render up their account.† Though it is not ours to enquire who of us may next be summoned, we may each ask her own heart, "Am I ready and prepared to meet the Lord at His coming?" "Am I finishing the work He has given me to do?" May we lay no flattering unction to our souls!

We are called to sympathize in the affliction of our beloved president, who, by deprivation of health, has long been hindered from occupying her wonted station in our meetings. May this "sickness" be "not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God may be glorified thereby."

But ah! the woes of Mrs. Lovejoy! Who of us can effectually sympathize in her sorrow? Who but He who has promised to be the father of the fatherless, and the God of the widow, can pour the balm of consolation into her deeply wounded heart? To Him we commend her, with Him we leave her, in full confidence that He will be her stay, her friend, her comforter, her all.

In regard to the martyrdom of her noble hearted husband, for whom we mourn as for a "brother beloved," "whose blood crieth from the ground," we view it as a martyrdom, though many of us feel it a duty to bear solemn testimony against a resort to deadly

* Several Societies have recently been formed, and it is probable the whole number in the State is between 12 and 20.

† The first was Miss Hannah George, a young sister who was but a short time with us. Mrs. Betsey Curtis, wife of Rev. Jonathan Curtis, of Pittsfield, and a devoted friend of the cause, and Mrs. Samuel Coffin of this town, were next taken from works to rewards. Mrs. Coffin was a directress in the Society, distinguished by her efficiency, her whole heartedness, her zeal tempered with discretion, her ardent piety, and her readiness to every good word and work. Long and deeply have we deplored our loss, though assured that it was their great gain. Mrs. Aaron A. Palmer, an excellent woman and an active directress, died the past summer.

"Sisters, ye are gone before us,
Gone to join the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

And when the Lord shall summon us,
Now mourning left behind,
May we, as faithful unto death,
As sure a welcome find!"

MILLMAN, *altered*.

weapons, even in defence of life. We can find no sanction to such a resort, either in the example or precepts of the Divine Master. We remember that *He* said, "His kingdom was not of this world, if it were, then would His servants fight."

May His kingdom come, and His will be done, on earth as it is in heaven!

MARY CLARK, *Corresponding Sec'y.*

December 25, 1837.

OBITUARY.

Died, in this town, on Monday evening, Feb. 12, Mrs. LUCIA ANNE F., wife of George Kent, Esq. and daughter of the late Hon. Daniel Farrand, of Burlington, Vt., aged 39.

There are those, shining as lights in this dark and perverse world, whose characters it is a delicate task faithfully to delineate. Their brightness and beauty are universally admired, but the constituent parts of such rare combinations of moral and intellectual excellence, are seen only in the retired sanctuary of their intimate friendship. To those without this pale, truth seems exaggeration, and fidelity of description nothing less than high wrought panegyric, while the favored few may well complain of the poverty of language or the unskilful use of it, in any attempt to do those characters justice.

These remarks are especially applicable to the lamented Mrs. KENT, whose decease it is our painful duty to announce.

"Some angel guide our pen while we describe"

or endeavor to sketch a faint outline of one of the beautiful and excellent of the earth. We feel that it is meet and right so to do, not only as a tribute, poor indeed, but the best we can offer, to the memory of one we fondly loved, but as a picture for the living to look upon and transcribe into their own lives and characters. We cannot speak of her but in terms of praise, yet her image seems to rise up before us, as if, in the humility of her gentle spirit, to rebuke such commendation. By the grace of God she was what she was. Any merit, except through Him who wrought in her both to will and to do, we must in her name utterly disclaim. To Him be thanksgiving and praise, that a spirit so noble, so pure, so lovely, such an "emanation of the all-beauteous Mind," has dwelt among us,—thus privileged as living witnesses of her bright and winning example.

As a wife, a mother, a sister and a friend, she was a pattern to those who sustain these endearing relations. Her "well-ordered home" was the home of affection, urbanity and hospitality—the delight of her husband, her children, her family and friends. Her household was governed by the law of kindness. Few have more faithfully regarded the divine command, "Therefore shall ye lay up these my words in your heart and in your soul,—and ye shall teach them your children, speaking of them when thou sittest in thy house, and when thou walkest by the way, when thou liest down, and when thou risest up."

Her mind was clear, vigorous, active and discriminating. She thought, reflected, decided, acted for herself. What is truth? and what is duty? were her first and constant inquiries, and so far as ascertained, were undeviatingly adhered to. Hence conscientiousness was a prominent feature of her character. With her there was no compromise of principle. She asked not what the world would say or think, but, "Is it right?" "Does God require it?"

Her piety partook of the character of her mind. It was deep, strong, ardent. It was not put on as a garment for particular occasions, it was blended with the inmost feelings of her soul—it was infused into the thoughts and purposes of her heart. Her works evinced that her faith was a living principle. She labored and prayed for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom upon earth, for its coming in the hearts of men. And while she mourned that the standard of holiness was no more elevated in the church, the signs of the times caused her to rejoice in hope of things to be. In this connection we may name, that when her flesh and heart failed, God was her strength and portion. From no other source could proceed that quiet patience, that meek

resignation, which enabled her amidst the most exquisite sufferings, to say, "Thy will be done." Hers was an early dedication.

"She came to the cross when her young cheek was blooming,
And raised to the Lord the bright glance of her eye;
And when o'er its beauty death's darkness was glooming,
The cross did uphold her, the Saviour was nigh."

She possessed an innate delicacy and refinement, cherished by a judicious education, whence proceeded

"The thousand decencies that daily flowed
Through all her words and actions."

These, united with an engaging simplicity and frankness, a sweet and affectionate disposition, imparted grace to her manner and a charm to her enlivening conversation. Cheerfulness without levity, politeness without flattery, sincerity without rudeness, humility without meanness, self respect without vanity, decision and firmness without obstinacy, and a remarkable though becoming energy and perseverance, all characterized our departed sister. But perhaps her most distinguishing trait was philanthropy. This was unbounded. It expanded her whole soul. Her whole life was a labor of benevolence—a practical illustration of the truth that those who love God, love their brother also. Her heart was the abode of that charity that "thinketh no evil," and hasteth to relieve the distressed. The poor, the sick, the sorrowing, the tempted, were sure to find in her a sympathizing friend and helper. The grateful tears and acknowledgments of the many who have been relieved by her bounty, comforted by her sympathy, and restrained by her admonitions, are full in testimony.

She engaged ardently in most of the religions and benevolent enterprises of the day, but in none more devotedly than the cause of the poor slave. The horrid system which crushes the minds, rends the hearts and tortures the bodies of its hopeless victims, was to her "righteous soul" an object of the deepest abhorrence, increasing with the increasing knowledge of its enormities. Nothing in her view could offer for it the least palliation. No excuse, however plausible, could to her mind justify its continuance a single day. To promote its abolition, she gave much time, labor and pecuniary aid. To obey, with reference to her enslaved brethren and sisters, the command of the Saviour, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, that do ye unto them," and to "Remember those in bonds as bound with them," was the study of her mind and heart. It was to her a matter of solemn and deep lamentation that many of those who minister at the altar should not more faithfully press home to the souls under their charge, these plain and positive duties. Such, in her view, were keeping back the counsel of God from those souls, for whose neglect of duty they must incur the responsibility.

How eloquently she "opened her mouth for the dumb, and pleaded the cause of the poor and needy," "on the side of whose oppressors there was power," we who were her humble coadjutors, have often admiringly witnessed. She was one of the earliest abolitionists in New-Hampshire, and took an active part in gathering a Female Anti-Slavery Society in this town. She viewed the cause of emancipation as the cause of God, and she was willing to suffer scorn, contumely, and reproach, with those who had openly espoused it. Her firmness on several trying occasions, especially in the struggle of the society for existence, when to be an abolitionist called for the exercise of faith and fortitude, showed that her attachment to the cause was the result of calm and deliberate conviction. This was strikingly manifested at the time when her hospitable dwelling was attacked by an infuriate mob, for being supposed to contain the distinguished English abolitionist, who, on account of his unrivalled eloquence and his burning zeal in the cause of humanity, had been invited by the brethren on this side the Atlantic to come over and help them. Alone, unshielded, undefended, save by the invisible armor of God, she undauntedly went out before the mob, inquired their errand, and assured them that he whom they sought, was not there. Well might they shrink back abashed, and turn away from such a presence!

Over the Society above named, she has presided from the time of its organization, directing, cheering, aiding and *leading* us onward in this untried path of duty, this unproved work. She has been with us in seasons of joy and of sorrow, of strength and of weakness, of hope and of fear. We have rejoiced and we have wept together. We have met with her in the social circle and at the footstool of Divine Mercy. We have mingled our prayers and our praises. She is taken and we are left. She is gone, but she has bequeathed us the rich legacy of her precious example, to induce our steadfastness in the holy cause; to teach us, instead of giving over our exertions and relaxing in our diligence, to labor more abundantly. She is gone to join "the cloud of witnesses" with which "we are compassed about;" "wherefore, let us lay aside every weight and the sin which does so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us: looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, who, for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despised the shame, and is set down at the right hand of God."



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